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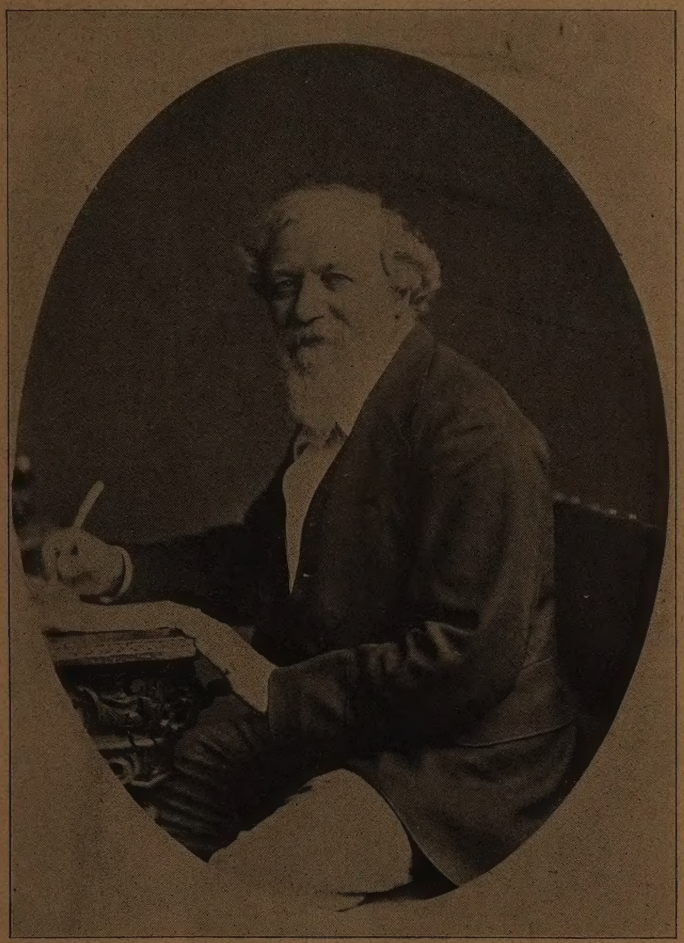

ROBERT BROWNING.

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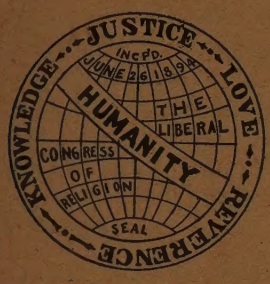
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1897. NUMBER 10.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.

Editorial.

There is no good of life but love, but love!
What else looks good is some shade flung from love—
Love gilds it, gives it worth.

BROWNING.

The appearance of Miss Hanman's interesting articles on Robert Browning, with the renewal of local interest in Chicago by the recent dramatic rendering of "In a Balcony," under the direction of Miss Anna Morgan, noted elsewhere, warrants the presentation on our front page of the genial face of the great poet. It is from a photograph, we believe, not very familiar to the American student, and presents the sunny intelligence, the combination of brain and heart which belong to Robert Browning in a striking fashion. At another time we may have something to say further concerning the dramatic rendering of "In a Balcony" than is offered by our correspondent. Suffice it at present to acknowledge our indebtedness to Miss Morgan. Any one who laboriously undertakes to interpret this great author to the public is a benefactor.

The African Methodists of Springfield, Ill., are starting out on a commendable venture,—that of building a Lincoln Memorial Church at this, the old home of Lincoln. It is to be a building that will have historic features. It is to contain a museum of slavery, and memorial windows to the great anti-slavery heroes. The estimated cost of the church is to be no less than fifty thousand dollars. We hope so noble an undertaking will not be marred by a violation of perspective, which would be the case if some of the names proposed to be commemorated in the windows, should be allowed to remain for economic, social, or political reasons, in a company where they do not belong. Let there be no pigmies placed among the giants.

There is something very interesting and reassuring in the oratorical contests now in order between the great educational institutions. It is a relief from the weariness of football slang, and the semi-professionalism of the athletic grounds. It is a return to the old Cambrian contests of the Eisteddfod. It stimulates the better forces of human nature. Last week the Badger boys, under the lead of E. A. Evans of Spring Green, Wis., came to Evanston and carried off the honors, although the Methodist boys of the Northwestern won applause and credit by making the triumph of the students from the Wisconsin University so difficult.

The May number of the *New England Magazine* contains as its initial article a beautifully illustrated account of Daniel French's work as a sculptor. Here we see how beautiful, even in the reproduction in black and white, are the works of his hand. There is great power in the pathetic and sweet group of the teacher and his deaf-mute pupil, and the monumental angels. Here we meet again the splendid horses and the gallant horsewomen of the quadriga that crowned the Peristyle of the Columbian Exposition; while the Goddess of the Republic, now in such a pitiable state of degeneracy in Jackson Park, stands here in her pristine dignity. Surely Daniel French is a name to be spoken in love. He has wrought for the noble development of the United States.

Just as the *New England Magazine* for this month lays before us the hopeful exhibit of the Armour Institute of Chicago, Chicago is stirred with an anxiety lest it may lose the services of the minister whose inspiring words, perhaps, gave to the founder the primal impulse, and who has since led in the shaping of the Armour Institute. It does not yet appear whether Dr. Gunsaulus will accept the invitation that comes from New York City. If he goes, Chicago will lose a man whose voice has been listened to by appreciative thousands,—an independent and aggressive thinker. There is always an uncounted element in Dr. Gunsaulus's speech. One never knows what he is to say next,—least of all, perhaps, does he know it himself,—but it is always a fresh word, coming out of an active mind and sympathetic heart.

We rejoice to see that Postmaster General Gary is a firm and aggressive advocate of postal savings banks. This, to our mind, is one of the most benign suggestions before the American public to-day. No other one thing within the power of the national government will go so far toward restoring confidence, and eventually lay the foundation of a wholesome financial system, as a wise postal savings bank system. It will put an end to the scandal and the misery so often caused by the failure of private savings banks, the wicked robbery of the economies of the poor. It will inspire thrift and confidence, and put at the disposal of the government a large trust and reserve fund, which would necessarily yield great economic results. Good for General Gary! Give us postal savings banks and bring the United States abreast, in this respect, of its more progressive associates among European governments.

A correspondent, writing from Brookline, Mass., says: "I am delighted that THE NEW UNITY takes so much interest in our wild birds, and therefore aroused an interest in others. Thanks to it, I have become an associate member of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, and local secretary for Wellesly Hills. Last Wednesday the matter of wearing aigrettes and the plumage of wild birds came up for the consideration of the members of our club, and ten women joined the Audubon Society. All this is due to the seed sown by THE NEW UNITY. May it live long and prosper!" Our correspondent accompanies this letter with an eight-page publication entitled *Bird Day*, prepared by Superintendent C. A. Babcock of Oil City, Pa., for the *Journal of Education*, reprinted by the Massachusetts Audubon Society. It is packed with practical suggestions which only the good teacher can fully appreciate.

The *Inter Ocean* for last Sunday contains two columns of further material concerning the World's Congress of Religions, called at Delhi for 1898. It contains words of commendation from Dr. Lyman Abbott and others, with a list of well-known Americans who have expressed an intention of being present. The religious world will watch with profound interest the development of this scheme, which, in its origin and management, is extra-Christian, not anti-Christian, or non-Christian. Christianity was host at Chicago. Mohammedanism, in one form or another, we take it, will be host at Delhi. How interesting and suggestive the experiment will be! The vicissitudes which such an undertaking is subjected to are numerous. Many uncontrollable circumstances may outwardly defeat, but here again it is a case where failure is success, and defeat is glory. But may the Delhi congress know no failure, and overcome all circumstances that make for defeat!

The grounds of the Centennial Exposition at Nashville are open. The six months' festival of beauty is inaugurated. Everything seems to indicate that it will be a season of real education to the masses on high lines. It will carry the benedictions of peace and progress far beyond the limits of the state of Tennessee. We have every reason to believe that the exhibit of material things will be worthily matched by the exhibit of mental and spiritual wares. Great educational and religious gatherings will consecrate the material triumphs. The American Congress of Women, the Humane Society, various other philanthropic, educational, and religious occasions will prepare the way for the fitting climax of the Congress of Religions to be held October 19–24. Let our readers begin now to save the money that will enable them to attend and receive first-hand the benedictions of the South, giving in turn to the South the best any one has to give, — a bit of themselves.

The Brahmacharin Bodhabikshu, one of the latest and youngest representatives of oriental thought in the modern guise of theosophy, now in America, who sojourned for a while at Chicago, is now on the Pacific Coast. The young man has learned too well the western trick of denunciation, the habit of affirming his thoughts by negations. This tendency seemed to have reached a climax at San Francisco last week, when he denounced the American women before a congress of women, as savages. This seems at least ungracious from one who has received so many courtesies from the hands of women. We do not object to the plain speech of our Hindu brother; only if he is to take up the Western methods, he must accept the Western penalty, which passes prompt judgment on the words of a speaker. Neither his silk robes nor his orientalism will protect him from the sharp test of discussion, and the honest, though sometimes rude, conflict of ideas. The brother will learn after a while that there is more than one way of looking at things.

Our neighbor, Rev. R. A. White of the Stewart Avenue Universalist Church, in his little parish sheet, urges a "Conference of the Powers," borrowing a phrase from Kipling. He urges "regular meetings of representatives from different organizations, to discuss matters of common interest, and to enable all to know the best of each." Mr. Gannett is announced to present a paper at the Middle States Conference of Unitarian Churches this week, at Toronto, Canada, on "Civic Communion of Churches," which, we suspect, points in the same direction. That the time has come when the more progressive churches are ready to form such an alliance in the interest of common work, we fully believe. In Paris such a combination among the progressive Protestant churches is already realized.

They issue joint bulletins, setting forth the various activities of the societies and the various utterances of the speakers, so that the public may know the "where," the "what," and the "who," as relates to the liberal pulpit of Paris at any given time. Let Chicago follow Mr. White's lead. Let us have a "Conference of the Powers."

A correspondent sends a clipping from a Southern paper, saying that the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Memphis recently warned his people against the Unitarian Conference, soon to be held in that city, characterizing it as a dangerous and insidious enemy to Christianity. It is easy to meet denunciation with denunciation, and to prove that the Presbyterian himself is an enemy to Christianity; but there is a deeper significance in this protest. The anxiety of our Presbyterian brother shows his faithlessness in the virility of truth. His theology is necessarily deplorable, excluding so many good and high men from his "Christian" fold; but his sincerity and earnestness are the saving quality, and may make his ministry a vital and a helpful one to his people. Men can never be wholly in the wrong who are caught in the passion of disinterestedness. An enthusiasm for what seems to them truth is ever beautiful, and history proves that by such men the world is moved forward. Our Unitarian friends need not be much concerned over the denunciation. It does behoove them to emulate the earnestness, frankness, and zeal of this Presbyterian brother.

The Chicago Ethical Society has adjusted itself to the requirements of the Illinois marriage law in a dignified way. The law provides that

> All persons belonging to any religious society, church, or denomination may celebrate their marriage according to the rules and principles of such religious society, church, or denomination.

Therefore, in order to explain its position, the society passed the following resolution, which not only meet, as we should think, the full spirit of the law, but offer an interpretation of religion in accordance with the deepening significance and the broadening scope of the word:

> *Resolved*, That while we do not regard ourselves as a religious society in the sense of holding certain beliefs as to God and the hereafter, and while our members are perfectly free to take such attitude as they choose as to such beliefs, and to join societies holding the beliefs they respectfully favor, we do regard ourselves as a religious society in the sense of giving to morality a supreme and sacred place in our regard, of making it the ruling principle in our lives, of giving it reverence, homage, and devotion. The love and practice of the good is not a secondary matter to us; it is our primary, highest concern, it makes our religion—in it we wish to educate our children, in accordance with it we wish to have the marriage ceremony performed, in following it we find our consolation in face of trial and trouble, and in harmony with it we wish the last rites to be performed over our remains.
>
> *Resolved*, That in accordance with this understanding we do solemnly and publicly declare that we consider ourselves "a religious society," and are entitled to those privileges regarding the celebration of marriage which are mentioned in the Revised Statutes of the Commonwealth of Illinois, as above quoted.
>
> *Resolved*, That we hereby authorize the lecturer of our society to perform the marriage ceremony for any of our members who may desire it.
>
> *Resolved*, That the by-laws of the society be so amended that it shall be evident that the performing of the marriage ceremony by the lecturer of the society is "according to the rules and principles" of the society.

Prophecy in Failure.

Several of our correspondents have alluded to the recent ineffectual attempt at a consolidation of the Unitarian, Congregational and Methodist churches of St. Cloud, Minn., as evidence of the futility, if not the absurdity, of the attitude taken by THE NEW UNITY, in this matter, viz.: that the era of synthesis among Protestants has already set in, that combination and co-operation is the duty of the hour;—particularly that the duty of liberals is not to magnify theological differences, but rather to glorify ethical harmonies. One correspondent speaks of the attempt as a "travesty," and carries the implication that the success of the attempt would carry with it intellectual confusion and imply a lack of mental integrity on the part of those uniting. To all this we would say, with Browning:

> Better fail in the high aim,
> Than vulgarly succeed in the low aim.

Such failures must inevitably inaugurate so benign a movement. Such a disappointment is in its very nature a prophesy, and furthermore such efforts imply a radical exercise of intellect, a profound clearness of thought, an insight born out of high thinking far beyond that radicalism that still wastes itself in ridiculing the theological conceptions of the past and exposing the inconsistencies of forms and doctrines which came into the world through the profound experiences and high thinking of groping humanity. That they are being outgrown makes the truly rational mind sympathetic and not contemptuous toward the holders thereof, and he who sees nothing in these doctrines but a suitable cushion into which to plant his logical arrows, is neither radical nor liberal. The liberal church, whose existence is justified chiefly by the errors found in other churches, has a place in the world, but it is a transient place. Its kingdom must ever grow less and the highest work it can do is to speed the time when it will have no good reason to exist. But the church that takes into its heart the needs of the community, that is ever overshadowed with the consciousness of the common humanity to which it belongs, is to be the cathedral church whose place becomes more and more sure with the developing life of the community in which it lives. Because we believe in clear thinking and would ever vindicate the sanctities of the intellect, we rejoice in the prophetic failure at St. Cloud, and believe it to be the harbinger of many victories. This failure does

not prove that there are none too many churches in St. Cloud; it only proves that the folly of schism has sunk deep, and that it is a long way out of the imbecility of denominationalism and sectarian narrowness which is the scandal of Protestantism.

"Business is Business!"

This is one of the most dangerous, as it is one of the most familiar, epigrams of the commercial world. It is a phrase fraught with dangers to the business man's conscience, and burdened with confusion to the novice in sociology. It is a phrase that belongs to the "*hocus pocus*" species, something to conjure by, a short cut of conscience, a justification of doubtful methods, an argument where there is no place for argument. If it means anything, it means that business is a law unto itself, that it is released from the hard conditions of the moral law and the slow but sure logic of equity; while in reality business is practical justice. It is progress; it is fair play; it is giving all a chance; it is honor; it is refinement; it is thoughtfulness. Or else business is the work of the bandit; it is the cut-throat morals of the savage; it is theft; it is robbery; it is that which will inevitably degrade the man that pursues it, and pauperize those with whom he "successfully" deals.

"Business is business!" This is allied to the other phrase, dear to the business man, — "a man must live." Why should a man live unless his living is worth something to himself and to the world? The world is not at all interested in feeding a knave or in sustaining a worthless parasite. A man must live honorably, must bear his share of the burdens, take his proportion of hard knocks, stand disappointment and grief, if he is to justify his living. He had better starve like a hero, die in the front like a martyr, witness to the truth by his defeat, than to live on any other terms.

The phrase placed at the head of this editorial has just had another illustration in the latest development of the Humphrey bills, of which we spoke at length in our last week's issue. Within a few days there has appeared in various country papers throughout the state of Illinois a very flattering estimate of these Humphrey bills, a specious argument for their justness and fairness. This unexpected support from these sources, remote from the city of Chicago, presumably still more remote from the corrupting influences of Chicago capital, nonplussed many people, until it was discovered, through the diligence of the Chicago *Tribune*, that this "reading matter" was so much advertising material "placed" by an advertising firm in the city of Chicago at so much per line, or at a generous rate for the space involved, the contract being that it should appear as reading matter. This much the *Tribune* has found out, but it has not yet been able to find out who pays for these advertisements, for of course it would be a breach of faith for the advertising agents to betray the confidences of their customers. They but passed on the proposition. The editors of these papers accepted the terms and sold the space set apart by public estimation and common consent, to their own ideas, for a money consideration. Of course, once the discovery is made, the usefulness of these advertisements is gone. It is a boomerang, and the advertisers, whoever they may be, have their humiliation, and their bills to pay. A good investment if it will help slowly to clear up the public mind as to what business is. And so we close as we began, by saying that business is not business unless it is honorable and profitable to the world. When it is anything else than that, it is a fraud or robbery. Here, as elsewhere, Emerson's maxim holds true, "That cannot be good for the bee that is not good for the swarm." Personal success secured by the sacrifice of community interest or corporate well-being is itself a failure most disastrous.

The Cost of a Dinner.

Recently a gentleman who is fond of arithmetic made up his mind that he would find out how much a dinner really cost. This gentleman asked how much a simple dinner, that he was eating, cost, and he was told seventy-five cents. He contradicted this, and then made out the following statement about the cost of that dinner: The pepper, he said, came from ten thousand miles away. It grew on a little bush about eight feet high, which must have had a growth of at least five years. The pepper was picked green; it had to be dried in the sun, and this meant employing women. It took one ship and a thousand miles of railroad to bring the pepper to the United States. The tea on the table came from China, the coffee from South America. The codfish had to be brought from Maine. Men had to be employed to catch the fish; other men and women were employed in drying, packing and boxing it, and it, too, had to make a long railroad journey. The flour of which the bread was made was grown in Dakota; some one owned the land, and that meant the investing of capital; and then he had also to pay wages to working-men. The flour had to be ground, and the building of the mill and the plant, or machinery, meant more money invested. The millers had to be paid; coopers had to be paid for making the barrels; and, of course, the wood of which the barrels were made had to be cut and sawed and shaped, and this meant the employment of more men. Then the flour had to be shipped over the railroad and handled again by cartmen before it came into the house. The salt came from the Indian reservation in the northwestern part of New York state. The canned peaches came from California, and they, too, represent the employment of capital and labor. The spices in the cake came from the Spice Islands in the Indian Archipelago. After the gentleman had pointed out what the dinner really cost, he asked what on the table could be raised within the limits of the country where they were living. The answer was, only the corn bread, the butter, and buttermilk, and it was decided that the family could not live on those alone. The gentleman estimated that that little dinner represented, directly or indirectly, the employment of five hundred millions of dollars of capital and of five millions of men. It would be quite a lesson in geography for each of the little folks to try to discover where their dinners came from.—*The Outlook.*

The last days of Professor Drummond seem to have been extremely pathetic. He was quite helpless, and had to be wheeled about in a bath-chair. His old friends, Prof. G. A. Smith and Dr. Stalker, were very attentive to him. When the latter was leaving him on the occasion of his last visit, Drummond gave the doctor a portrait of himself seated in the bath-chair, under which he had written, "The Descent of Man."—*The Advance.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Evolution.

Behold the wild wolf prowling on the plains,
Seeking to slay the sheep in days of old,
Then turn and see the savage as he gains
The shepherd kindness that protects the fold.

So by man's care a growth of instinct comes,
Reversing all that nature early knew;
The finer force the evil power benumbs,
And keeps its spirit tender, trusty, true!

And shall we not the open lesson learn,
So to instruct the soul in laws of peace,
That we, by living, such attainment earn,
And bring the world the day when wars shall cease?

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

On the Outer Rim.—I.

Wider Evolution.

"A polyp stranded on the shores of Time,
Vain longing for the illimitable Deep."

One of our humbler poets upon a time took the world to task, with fiery zeal and not unmelodious verse, wherein he pictured Man in the above scientific, if not altogether complimentary, terms. Yet, polyps though we be,—or may actually have been in the remote past,—it is not inappropriate for us to rejoice that our polypial lot has been cast in the closing years of the memorable nineteenth century. We are thus witnesses of some remarkable changes and developments in the realm of thought beside which the invention of the telegraph is insignificant. Yet, how few really appreciate the importance of that evolution!

Several billions of us polyps, not exactly stranded on the shores of Time,—let us forgive the poet's license,—are living a very active, if ephemeral, life on earth, crowding and jostling one another in eager haste to taste something which we vainly imagine to be delectable; chasing fugitive pleasures which, if secured, turn to ashes at our touch; toadying or bullying, undermining each other, or openly quarreling and killing, in order to gain some selfish advantage. Thus we logically carry out a complicated, though definite, extension of the principle which Charles Darwin, referring to the lower animals, characterized as the struggle for existence.

Although this must be accepted as one of the factors of the law of evolution, there is some room for doubt as to the reality of another important principle which has been called the survival of the fittest. This assertion will, I am aware, be set aside at once as rank scientific heresy. But taking even the lower animals, is it true that either the strongest, or the fiercest, or the handsomest — the preponderance of qualities going to make up what is generally characterized as fittest — are the ones that survive? In a large herd of cattle there will be found all shades of health, strength, and beauty, yet the weaker and the uglier are as apt to be prolific and to survive accident as the stronger. And among wild animals it is the fiercest and the strongest that are ever ready for battle, while the weaker, recognizing their inferiority, secure safety in flight.

But if there is a law, it must prevail throughout the whole range of evolution. Who pretends that among mankind the "fittest" survive? Are there not millions of physically weak and imperfect human beings for every thousand of healthy ones? Nay, more, may it not be said that men and women of perfect organization are so rare as to be exceptional? Of all the persons in your circle of acquaintance, is there one who has not some weak point? This one, perhaps, has poor eyesight, that one weak lungs, a third is subject to throat difficulty, a fourth to heart trouble, another to rheumatism, and so on through the whole gamut of human ills. And yet reproduction is general, and the fittest remain in a decided minority. The statistics of our civilization show a constantly increasing proportion of the poor, the physically and mentally imperfect, the criminal classes. Then, how can there be a survival of the fittest?

And yet evolution implies advance, and how can progress be made if the unfit survive? It is only in the light of a wider evolution that such an apparent contradiction may be explained. Darwin took up the animal kingdom and established the order of succession, showing how from lower forms the higher ones evolved, and that man must of necessity have sprung from the brutes. In order to fortify his argument he pointed out how many of our mental traits are exhibited by the lower animals. Here very properly his work terminated. It was only an entering wedge, an initial attempt at opening the eyes of the Western world which had been so long blinded by religious error. But if evolution is a law, can it have limitations? Must it not be traced backward and downward from the higher animal, Man, through the lower animal, into the vegetable world, and still further down into the mineral? And must we not resolve this mineral into its separate molecules? And, finally, may we not locate the origin of evolution in the one atom of matter, from which all subsequent forms have been developed to even the highest and most complicated?

So far science makes no positive denial.

This hypothesis is not new. It has been put forward by certain obscure schools of philosophy from time immemorial, and modern science, while not admitting its truth, is content to assume an agnostic position on the subject. But the wider evolution may not stand upon conventionality, nor fear the scowl of the bigot. The end of the century may see the adoption by many minds of a real cosmogony, a true theory of evolution, magnificent in its simplicity.

It may be admitted that man is a threefold being, having a material form (body), a psychic consciousness (soul), which is just beginning to be thoroughly recognized, though as yet far from understood, and a divine nature (spirit) or that which belongs to the infinite, and in our present condition quite undeveloped. Now, Darwin in his "Descent of Man" could not limit himself to physical evolution. He was compelled to take into account certain observed facts regarding the mental traits of men and the lower animals. These facts, however, were used solely to fortify his argument for development on the physical plane. But law is inexorable, and if the mind of man appears, no matter how faintly, in the brute, then mind must evolve, and there can be no limit to its growth in either direction. No one can put his finger on any given point in the history of evolution, and say, "Here began that something which is not matter."

Of course it seems absurd to think of mind in connection with the vegetable. Even the lowest animals may not have a real mind, but something akin to it which we call instinct, and which has a tendency to become more rational as they advance into higher forms. To think of a vegetable having even instinct seems absurd until we recall the sensitive plant and some of those aqueous productions, which may be either animal or vegetable so far as science can ascertain. Besides, when you come to protoplasm, science admits that the same plasmic substance may develop either an animal or a plant, and no one can possibly foretell which. At any rate the plant would have, to a certain extent, sensation, to say nothing about an abundant amount of vitality. The life-principle may perhaps contain properties which in the process of evolution will appear as sensation.

We now come to what many will regard as the wildest fable of all. But law is universal. When in the course of our investigation we come to the mineral kingdom, the temptation to draw the line at this point becomes almost irresistible. But stern logic drives us on. The stone looks so utterly lifeless and shapeless; besides, did not science long since make a sharp distinction between organic and inorganic matter? Yet, being in unbiased quest of truth, we must inquire whether or not this dull piece of earth has any property besides that of matter. We observe at once that it does possess the quality of cohesion. Well, what is that mysterious force which binds the molecules together? It cannot be anything like gravita-

tion. Is it anything in the nature of vitality? Can it be allied even distantly to the life-principle? Singularly enough, science fails utterly to explain the nature of cohesion, leaving us to guess it out for ourselves. But there is another property of the mineral which science has distinctly recognized, though only in recent years, and somewhat reluctantly at that. In a general way the public has been informed of a certain property belonging to or associated with all matter, namely, vibration. Thus is vindicated the old axiom that there can be no matter without motion. It has remained for the closing years of the century to proclaim the scientific truth of the mysterious law of vibration—that disturbance of the ether which, according to its rate, produces sound, color, light, heat, and electricity. Likewise every atom of matter in the stone is in a constant state of vibration. And the latest theory of vibration is that all the forms in the universe are produced by varying rates of vibration among the material atoms of which they are composed. The atoms are eternally clashing, no matter how closely joined in appearance, in a piece of hammered steel just the same as in a clod of earth.

Here, then, we find both threads of our investigation meeting at a common point of origin, the atom. And the atom has not only a material form, but a something besides, a vibratory motion. What is the vibration? It is not matter. Is it spirit? No. Is it something which under the eternal law of evolution may develop, along with its material nature, out of force motion, out of motion life, out of life sensation, out of sensation instinct, out of instinct mind? This is the question which the wider evolution is now asking.

Beyond mind there are yet other and higher stages. Mind may be described as a lower phase or plane of soul, whose highest state is intuitive knowledge or wisdom. Evolution can only end in pure spirit.

Taking this broad view of what may be called soul-evolution, it will be seen that Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest is not necessary, or at least is not a correct expression of the process. A better theory, according to the wider evolution, would be described as accumulation of experience. The lowest forms, being endowed with spirit, even though latent, or existing in the most primitive state, have the capacity for improvement by means of experience, and throughout countless millions of years have acquired the complicated mental and physical mechanisms now seen in the human race.

And throughout the millions of ages yet to come the process will go on, until mankind, freed from the burdens of the flesh and the bonds of ignorance, will have become spiritualized and perfect. But long ere then may we realize the beautiful occult allegory of that which "sleeps in the stone, dreams in the plant, and awakes in man!"

GEO. E. WRIGHT.

Our Social Verdicts.

[The following comes to us all the way around through the *Indian Messenger* of Calcutta, from our old friend John Brierly, Esq., of the *Christian World*, London, with so sound a wisdom on some disputed questions that we reproduce it for our western readers.]

Amid the wonderful play of faculty in the daily life of a modern man, there is, perhaps, nothing more complicated, more subtle, more every way noteworthy, than that exhibited by his inner apparatus of social judgment. In the course of an average twenty-four hours he comes into contact with numbers of people, richer, poorer, cleverer, duller, morally higher, morally lower, than himself. At times the disparity is great and unmistakable; at others it requires the nicest discrimination to discover it. In every case the inner verdict is recorded instantaneously, and decides the word, the intonation, the gesture, with which he receives the new-comer. What is the code by which he formulates these judgments? On what does he found his admirations, his tolerances, his aversions? The question opens curious insights into the twists and doublings of our human nature. It gives glimpses at once of the goal toward which it moves, and of the long and baffling detours it makes in the efforts to reach it. For our social verdicts are an amalgam. They are a mixture of low and high; of primitive, barbarous instincts with the results of ages of culture; of immediate pressures of selfishness with after-thoughts from a spiritual ideal.

The average social judgment follows the human first thought rather than its second thought. And that first thought is always an instinct for the visible and material. It has a clothes philosophy and a bank-balance philosophy. It bows to the frock-coat and nods to the blouse; it uses one tone to the millionaire, and another, very different, to the drawer of a pound a week. Where this instinct is unbalanced by others, its exhibition is undoubtedly a somewhat sorry spectacle. Satirists, both at home and abroad, have affected to discover in this island its especial habitant. Emerson declared the worship of Mammon was our ultimate religion, an opinion which received some countenance from Sydney Smith in his saying that "poverty was infamous in England." Hazlitt thought Manchester and Liverpool the chief seats of the cult, places in which, according to him, "you laugh not in proportion to a man's wit, but his wealth; where you speak by the pound and are heard by the rood." One traces the same note in Goldsmith's wail from his London garret—"An ugly and a poor man is society here only for himself, and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance."

Upon this one may make two remarks: first, that so far as we have observed, the pound sterling and its equivalents are held in quite as high esteem in other countries as in our own; and second, that while the homage paid to wealth and station is often ignoble and false, the feeling in which it has its rise is one of which humanity, on the whole, has no need to be ashamed. For wealth, after all, has a spiritual origin. In the main, notwithstanding the many exceptions, it is a sign of faculty, a reward of inward character. The men who create it are, in the last result, men who have worked harder, seen further, planned better, than their fellows. It follows on the steps of integrity, thrift, and temperance as harvest follows the sun. A generation of poor religious men is followed by a generation of rich ones. Witness the story of the Quakers, of the Pilgrim Fathers, of the Methodists. Of its abuses it is, alas! only too easy to speak, but in its essence wealth is idea, thought, faculty, hardened into the concrete; it is vigor of brain and power of soul precipitated into visible fact. Man has not been quite the abject fool which some of his satirists have made him out to be in recognizing this fact and giving it due consideration.

Where the mistake about the wealth cult comes in is precisely the point of origin of all idolatries; namely, in forgetting the spiritual idea while worshiping its outward manifestation. So far as the respect for wealth or rank is a respect for the qualities which created them, it is, we say, a wholesome respect. It is a part of the recognition of the sovereignty of the better man. What may not be forgotten, however, is that the average wealth-creator is, after all, of the lower order of sovereignty. He obtains his social reward quicker precisely because his success appeals to the commoner instincts. The more spiritual leader has to wait longer for his scepter because the appreciation of him requires a higher faculty, and so is confined to a narrower circle. The eighteenth century merchant was driving his carriage while Johnson was living in a garret and fasting two days a week, and while Schiller was asking whether the gods, in partitioning the earth, had left any place for the poet. But man, at his roughest and lowest, has the spiritual in him, and the teacher who addresses himself to it, though he may suffer cruelly while a slow-moving world is examining his credentials, will get his place in the end. He will get it in the end, and it will turn out to be a higher one than any that money can buy. So sure of this is a true leader that we have the spectacle, in these supposedly Mammon-worshiping days, of a Ruskin, born into a great fortune, making as much haste for conscience sake to get rid of it as others do to gain one, and in his self-imposed poverty reigning as a monarch in a million hearts.

There is, indeed, something at once pathetic and revealing in the way humanity clings to its great men, spite of their often grievous failings. One wonders a little sometimes at the enthusiasm of religious and Presbyterian Scotland for its Burns, when one remembers certain of his sayings and of his doings, or at the reverence for a Turner in view of those Satur-

day night orgies of his. But there is an easy answer. Man's reverence for genius, however coupled that genius may have been with folly, is at bottom the recognition that in this one sphere is an interpreter of God, standing nearer to Him in the matter of his art than his fellows, seeing clearer into the Divine laws and more swiftly and surely obeying them.

Our social verdicts are, amongst other things, a revelation of character. They reveal precisely the degree to which, within us, the barbarous, primitive instincts have been modified by spiritual culture. To the extent to which this latter process has gone on will be the facility with which we penetrate external shows and get at inner realities, to found on them our judgments. One of the surest signs of a gentleman is his faculty in mixed society of finding out the strong, best points of his neighbor, and of regarding him in view of those qualities. He may himself be possessed of a thousand superiorities, but his instinct will be to find out the thing the man he talks with knows better than he, that so he may help him to show at his best. A true culture will make us hungry for good society. But it will be good in other than the conventional sense. To push into a circle of "smart" people who do not want us, because, in their turn, they are eager to reach a circle which does not want them, is a pursuit on which we have no suggestion to offer. The wise man's circle, so far as he can control it by his own choice and verdict, will be amongst those whose knowledge can teach him or whose virtues can inspire him.

And this leads to our final observation: that the best, and, indeed, the only satisfactory and enduring kind of social fellowship is that which has a spiritual basis. Carlyle, hater of shams and conventionalities as he was, saw this and confessed it: "As to the people I see," he remarks, "the best class of all are the religious people. It teaches me again that the best of this class is the best that one will find in any class whatsoever." It is this *camaraderie* of kindred spirits that links in the happiest way all social grades. One of Robert Hall's closest intimates was a poor laboring man whom he entertained at dinner on Sundays, and from whose simple but genuine piety his own soul found constant refreshment. Bishop Ken had no happier hours than those he passed with poor Christian people to whom he every week played host, and with whom he conversed on the themes which united them. Spiritual law is, in fact, at top and bottom of this universe, and our social fellowships, our social joys, and our social verdicts are worthy only as they are in right relation to it.—*J. B., in Christian World.*

The Liberal Congress.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Liberal Congress was held in the gentlemen's parlor of the Sherman House on Monday, April 26th, at 2:30 P. M. Present, President H. W. Thomas, Vice-President Emil G. Hirsch, Director R. W. White, Treasurer Leo Fox, and Secretary Jenkin Lloyd Jones. A large amount of correspondence was presented from various non-resident members of the board, concerning the programme for the approaching Congress at Nashville. Special suggestions were submitted from T. W. Higginson, E. P. Powell, David Starr Jordan, Philip S. Moxom, L. J. Duncan, J. H. Crooker, and others.

The finances were discussed and an appropriation of $200 from the $500 subscription of the Free Religious Association; a subscription of $100 from John C. Haynes of Boston, and $300 as voted by the American Hebrew Union, were reported. A contribution from Sinai Congregation was promised at an early day. The money in hand about covers all bills up to date, but to be able to present an adequate congress at Nashville next October a considerable sum of money must be raised. It was voted that the secretary ask all societies that through their minister or otherwise have justified an expectation of sympathy, for a contribution or subscription at as early a date as possible, and that he solicits correspondence in the interest of such with all interested friends.

The President reported a recent visit to Nashville, during which he held conference with the local clergy and the representatives of the exposition. The indications in his estimation are that the Congress will be largely attended. The secretary reported communications from several laymen in the South, including General James B. Gordon of Georgia, and ex-Governor H. Clay Evans of Tennessee, and others, expressing sympathy and interest in the undertaking. The secretary also reported that during his recent visit in Paris he attended an important meeting of the committee who have in charge the organization of the congress in the year 1900 to be held in that city or Versailles; that the committe is hopeful of success. After various instructions to the secretary concerning the men and topics for the next congress, the meeting adjourned.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
General Secretary.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid.

Browning as Agnostic, Optimist, Christian.

BY MATILDA W. HAMMAN.

Continued from New Unity of April 29, 1897.

Three Phases of Browning's Hope: (2) In Sin.

And how does Browning meet that worse failure which we call sin?

He says that "evil is null, is naught," but he does not leave sin and guilt out of his scheme of things; they have a large place in his work. Browning's villains are many and carefully delineated, as positively evil and as active as in real life, but to his eye never hopelessly evil. He finds in the last analysis of each one some "trace of undeveloped good," which makes him believe that

> "Subsisteth ever
> God's care above, and I exult
> That God, by God's own ways occult,
> May—doth, I will believe—bring back
> All wanderers to a single track."

> "* * * I reach into the dark,
> Feel what I cannot see, and still faith stands;
> I can believe this dread machinery
> Of sin and sorrow, would confound me else,
> Devised—all pain, at most expenditure
> Of pain by Who devised pain—to evolve,
> By new machinery in counterpart,
> The moral qualities of man—how else?—
> To make him love in turn and be beloved,
> Creative and self-sacrificing, too,
> And thus eventually Godlike."

He says conscience is never dead in the dullest or the most wicked; that the still small voice makes itself heard in the deafest ear; that the moral law holds sway over the most degraded; that love and pity, human or divine, can and do redeem the most helpless slaves of sin and passion.

A tyrant would rid himself of a subject whom he hates. He strikes him; he tries to entrap him into treason; he seeks his vulnerable point to wound and plague him; he finally resolves to extinguish him at any price, when lo!—

> "Just my vengeance complete,
> The man sprang to his feet,
> Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed.
> So I was afraid."

Every human law defied, but the everlasting grasp tightens upon him, and cannot be shaken off.

A father and son, "two wild men," the last of their line, "the wildest and worst," quarrel one night until the son turns the father out of his miserable home, where the two live alone. Just as they reach the door, the father tells the son that so he dragged his father, long ago, to turn him out,—

> "'But softening here, I heard
> A voice in my heart, and stopped.'
> Straightway the son relaxed his hold of the father's throat,"—

and the two go back to the room where they quarreled, and sit the night through in silence. The morning finds the one a corpse, and the other a tottering, mumbling, crazed thing. So there *is* a power, somewhere, that somehow "turns these hard hearts soft."

(3.) In Death.

Browning's hopefulness in spite of sin is not confined to such souls as show in the probation on earth the fruition of his hope, or to the "wanderers" who are actually "brought back to the single track." If that probation is too short, if the earthly life is a failure, if he does not see the redemption, nevertheless he hopes that the traces of good undeveloped here are a prophecy of the life beyond; that it holds a cure for a disease which was not curable by the forces at work here, or at least in the time given those forces this side the grave.

Saul, the king, is mad, "troubled by an evil spirit sent from God." He is alone in the ruin and darkness he has brought

upon his own soul. His friends can only guess at the outcome of his long strife with the Spirit, as he agonizes, "drear and stark, blind and dumb," seemingly beyond the reach of help or hope. The song of innocent, simple life, of human fellowship, of the worship of his people, contains no inspiration to him. The thought of his past, with its glorious opportunities, its good and honor, all he had done, only restores his reason, but has no power to sustain him. The past, with its memories, is good; but what of the future? The utmost human endeavor, the highest human thought, is not able to solve the problem of his sin and sorrow, but "just one lift of God's hand clears that distance — God's throne from man's grave." And that hand is stretched out, mighty to save. As far as divine power exceeds human power, so far does divine love exceed human love. Browning believed in a love and power able—

"To save and redeem and restore him, maintain at the height
This perfection,—succeed with life's dayspring death's minute of night,
Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul the mistake,
Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now,—and bid him awake
From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself set
Clear and safe in new light and new life,—a new harmony yet
To be run, and continued, and ended,—who knows?—or endure!"

Guido, in "The Ring and the Book," seems to me the severest test of Browning's optimism. Read the Pope's indictment of him, and you never doubt that it sustains his sentence of death:

"I see him furnished forth for his career,
On starting for the life-chance in our world,
With nearly all we count sufficient help:
Body and mind in balance, a sound frame,
A solid intellect; the wit to seek,
Wisdom to choose, and courage wherewithal
To deal in whatsoever circumstance
Should minister to man, make life succeed.
Oh, and much drawback! what were earth without?
* * * * *
Fortified by propitious circumstance,
Great birth, good breeding, with the Church for guide,
How lives he?
* * * * *
I find this black mark impinge the man:
That he believes in just the vile of life.
* * * * *
The best he knew and feigned, the worst he took."

He made—

"* * * a man's immense mistake,
Who, fashioned to use feet and walk, deigns crawl.
* * * * *
Such I find Guido, midmost blotch of black
Discernible in this group of clustered crimes."

And so, for his last great crime—the murder of his innocent child-wife, Pompilia, and her father and mother—the Pope delivers him to be put to death, because, he says:

"For the main criminal I have no hope
Except in such a suddenness of fate.
I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
Anywhere, sky, or sea, or world at all;
But the night's black was burst through by a blaze—
Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore
Through her whole length of mountain visible:
There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.
So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,
And Guido see, one instant, and be saved,
Else I avert my face, nor follow him
Into that sad, obscure, sequestered state
Where God unmakes but to remake the soul
He else made first in vain; which must not be."

For Guido had had his chance of the "prize of learning love," and he had not been wholly unsusceptible of love. But he lets the chances go, fails to learn love, fills to the brim his cup of guilt with the murder. But at the very last, when the executioners come to take him to death, and every appeal to earthly power has failed, he shrieks to—

"Abate—Cardinal—Christ—Maria—God,
Pompilia, will *you* let them murder me?"

The last cry to the one who meant love to him, the dead wife, without other significance as helper except that,—love. So the poet dares hope he shall "see one instant, and be saved." So he dares follow the soul to that "obscure, sequestered state where God unmakes but to remake" it.

So it is that, in the presence at once of sin and death, Browning is most dauntless. Standing before three dead men, unknown suicides, each face bearing the impress of disappointment, thwarted ambition, greed, hate, lust, despair, he says:

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after Last returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once prove accurst."

So Browning's hope as to sin seems inextricably interwoven with hope as to death.

At this point again he bravely accepts that condition of the growth of the soul, ignorance or uncertainty, arguing at great length in "La Saisiaz" that perfect certainty of continued life as the inevitable result of obedience would abrogate the law of growth,—that it would leave the soul no liberty of action, no choice between good and evil, and therefore no room for growth. So, perfect intellectual assurance on this subject is not in keeping with the nature of man. But a probability of a future life; a hope, born of his experience, of his sense of abounding life and energy, of the feeling that love and beauty and spirit are eternal, and cannot pass away,—this inspires and sustains him, and is sufficient for the needs of the present life; nay, is the best conceivable condition of his present stage of development.

The effect of perfect certainty of a future life on the present, Browning presents dramatically in the story of Lazarus. He shows him with heart and brain moving in heaven while his feet stay on earth, and "witless of the size, the sum, the value in proportion of all things"; out of harmony with the life he must live, out of sympathy with his fellows, and "the faultier that he knows God's secret while he holds the thread of life." He gains nothing from the earth-life; he does not grow; he only *waits* for death to restore his being to that equilibrium which was lost by his premature knowledge of the other world—premature because acquired before he had use for it.

But while Browning thus disclaims any certainty, and declares that he hopes—no more than hopes, though no less—for life beyond the grave, it seems to me that his hope is a very firm one, that it is absolutely necessary to very much of his optimism. His own last words:

"Greet the unseen with a cheer:
Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"—

contain the thought which has grown so familiar to us on his pages: Life continued beyond the grave. How? Where? No answer. But in its essentials the life we have known here,—strife, struggle, because the soul shall not cease to grow; one more chance of learning the lesson of love we missed here: such continuity the only reasonable sequence of the life on earth; the "wide compass" it affords the only way of averting failure here.

But life's apparent failure and its disappointments are not the only demands he feels for immortality. The truer and the lovelier the life lived here, the deeper the longing for it and the stronger the faith that it shall be the soul's portion. The fact is that Browning often feels the need of a larger sphere for the soul's development than our three score years and ten. Try to take out of what you have read this winter the element of hope of continued life, and how many poems would lose the very heart of them! Take it out of the love poems, would they be Browning's love poems? Take it out of "Paracelsus," and would not his failure lead us with him "into a dark tremendous sea of cloud," never to emerge? See how its absence makes "Cleon" able to be "glad" only "for what was." Take it out of "Apparent Failure," and the failure is complete, inexplicable. Take it out of the Pope's soliloquy about Guido, and see how lost he is. Take it out of "Abt Vogler" and "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and, good and true as they were, is not the mystery of their lives as inexplicable and almost as depressing as the failure of the former? Is not Browning a real interpreter of

our thought and experience here? Is not the hope interwoven with all the warp and woof of our life?

Is Browning "Christian"?

Is Browning Christian? One says of him: "In his temper and scope he is Christian. No poet has so finely, with such sympathy and power, interpreted the Christian ideas, their greatness, their humanity, their spiritual depth. No one has better seen what they have done in the life and thought of the past. No one more frankly affirms their essential promise. * * * He is Christian, not because he accepts any single statement of the greatest truths, but because he would keep for life and the soul a free way to the highest." This seems to me to characterize very accurately and very sympathetically his interpretation of Christian thought regarding Christ.

The idea of incarnation, of the divine indwelling in the human, he writes about again and again. He beholds it from the point of view of very different characters: David, Karshish, and Ferishtah, outside of the pale of Christianity; the beloved apostle dying in the desert at the end of the first century; and the Pope, at the head of a great branch of the Christian church in the seventeenth century,—all talk about the idea as a possible solution of the mystery of sin and pain, as a statement of the relation of God and the soul, as a conception of the divine, which is at the same time confessed inconceivable, as a thought of divine love without limit, which satisfies the heart and the reason. David cries to the sin-stricken King:

> "O Saul, it shall be
> A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me
> Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a Hand like this hand
> Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

Karshish, thinking of Lazarus' strange story of "God himself that came and dwelt in flesh on the earth awhile," writes:

> "So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
> So, through the thunder comes a human voice
> Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
> Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself.
> Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine,
> But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
> And thou must love me who have died for thee.'"

Ferishtah says:

> "What if some strange story stood,—whate'er its worth,—
> That the immensely yearned for once befell,
> The sun was flesh once?"

John says:

> "* * * * The acknowledgment of God in Christ,
> Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
> All questions in the earth and out of it."

It is claimed very positively by some that Browning held the doctrine of incarnation as accepted by orthodoxy,—God incarnate in Jesus Christ. Are they right? Perhaps it is not strange that they thus interpret him, because his treatment of the theme is, not denial of the doctrine as thus held, but affirmation of the higher, more spiritual truth of which the doctrine is indeed an imperfect, perhaps an erroneous and misleading, statement. Browning does not so certainly refute or assert the incarnation of the divine in the one man, Christ Jesus, as he affirms that the divine is incarnate in every man. In his larger statement is necessarily included the less, though shorn of its exclusive character, of its narrowness. Incarnation is to him an ever-existent moral or spiritual fact. God in each man is the basis of hope for that man. This is the explanation of man's struggle to reach an ideal. This is the secret of his slow but sure advance from lower to higher, as an individual and as the race. And it is not only hope and power to uplift man, but that uplifted humanity is the revelation and interpretation of God. God is known as love only through love in man. The truest and highest conception of God must be expressed in the highest human terms.

He treats the story of Christ, not as historical fact, but as man's attempt to express the great conception of incarnation,—the oneness of God and man. When the Pope is thinking of God, and of how he is apprehended more or less clearly by His creatures, he recalls "the tale of God" he finds in the world's mouth, which supplies just the instance of love without limit of self-sacrifice, needed to make perfect his conception of God,—the love of which humanity cannot as yet see the proof as it sees the proof of God's power and intelligence. And he asks what it matters whether this story of love and self-sacrifice be

> "A fact,
> Absolute, abstract, independent truth,
> Historic, not reduced to suit man's mind,—
> Or only truth reverberate, changed, made pass
> A spectrum into mind, the narrow eye,—
> What matter, so intelligence be filled?"

The great central truth of the tale is the fact of infinite love. That grasped, is it of any importance, he seems to say, whether the tale is exact history, absolutely true, or only man's imperfect, partial statement of the great truth?

Notice how this "tale," as the Pope calls it, is spiritualized and illumined to John, as he has grown old—

> "Living and learning still as years assist
> Which wear the thickness thin
> Of the veil of youth and strength."

He says:

> "To me that story—ay, that Life and Death
> Of which I wrote 'it was'—to me, it is;
> —Is, here and now: I apprehend naught else.
> Is not God now i' the world His power first made?
> Is not His love at issue still with sin,
> Visibly when a wrong is done on earth?
> Love, wrong, and pain, what see I else around?
> Yea, and the Resurrection and Uprise
> To the right hand of the throne—what is it beside,
> When such truth, breaking bounds, o'erfloods my soul,
> And, as I saw the sin and death, even so
> See I the need, yet transiency, of both,
> The good and glory consummated thence?"

Not a God dying once, to free humanity from the power of evil, but the love of God at issue with sin and overcoming it whenever and wherever wrong is done, as truly as when Jesus walked the earth. Every soul learning the glorious truth that sin and death are transient, that love wins the victory, is rising from death to eternal life, is experiencing the real resurrection, of which the story of Christ's resurrection is only the echo in man's mind.

This insight into the soul of the Christ story; this broad, sympathetic interpretation of it; this enlargement of the conception; not dwarfing it, much less denying it; but spiritualizing and illuminating it, making it an inspiration to each human soul, a crown of joy to every loving, aspiring spirit,—something like this I find to be Browning's thought about Christ. And if we have mourned a lost faith in the old story—

> "Gone now, all gone across the dark so far,
> Sharpening fast, shuddering ever, shutting still,
> Dwindling into the distance, dies that star
> Which came, stood, opened once.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Awhile transpired
> Some vestige of a Face no pangs convulse,
> No prayers retard; then even this was gone,
> Lost in the night at last,"—

Browning may revive in us a faith which shall be truer and more lasting because better founded, and, seeing with him the divine incarnate in each individual life, we may echo his words:—

> "That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
> Or decomposes but to recompose,
> Become my universe that feels and knows!"

Is not this the very "flowering" of the Christian conception of divinity? A spiritualized, idealized conception, I grant, but essentially Christian. When we add this "acknowledgment of God in Christ"—these human elements of the idea of God—to what has been said of Browning's intuition of God; his thought of our apprehension of Him through our spiritual natures, our longing and love; of our changing conception of Him as our souls expand and our knowledge of the laws of nature increases; of our spiritual relation to Him, our oneness with him; his thought of God's immanence; of His love as not less real and potent than his power, and of belief in His love as essential to the spiritual life of man,—I think we may answer, "Yes, Browning is Christian in the very highest, most spiritual meaning of the term."

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Ideals are the dreams of realties.

MON.—An honest face, like an honest flower, loves the light.

TUES.—Resolution is a throne of strength, and every man and woman who sits thereon, an imperial monarch.

WED.—If we could know what nature is, we might divine life's inner life.

THURS.—Death is rest, and life is action.

FRI.—A fact proved by fair experience is greater than a thousand theories yet untested.

SAT.—Hope is the banner of health; progressive people live well.

—*Shaftesbury.*

New Life is Springing.

O my heart is glad when the sky is clear,
And happy swallows again are here;
Dear little sprites, without trowel or hod
They fashion of clay their dwellings odd—
Chirping and twittering, in joyous glee,
A message of love for you and for me.

O my heart is warm and with gladness swells
When the crocus peeps, and the blue hare-bells
Ring silently out on the sweet, fresh air,
Their grace and beauty in grateful prayer
To the Father above, whose blessings fall
With unerring tenderness over all.

O my heart fills with joy as through the sky
I watch the cloudships drift slowly by;
And past my cheek blows the wandering breeze,
Now waving the grass, and now rustling the trees;
All working together in peaceful content,
Ne'er marring the beauty our Father meant.

Then my heart is strong, and I turn once more
To work that seemed low and useless before,
And I cry to God, "Let me no more leave
This simple pattern Thou wouldst have me weave,
O, help me bring worth to my lowly task,—
Through it show Thy love — no more may I ask.

S. H. S.

Greeley, Colo.

The Kingdoms.

There was once a King of Prussia whose name was Frederick William.

On a fine morning in June he went out alone to walk in the green woods. He was tired of the noise of the city, and he was glad to get away from it.

So, as he walked among the trees, he often stopped to listen to the singing birds, or to look at the wild-flowers that grew on every side. Now and then he stooped to pluck a violet, or a primrose, or a yellow buttercup. Soon his hands were full of pretty blossoms.

After a while he came to a little meadow in the midst of a wood. Some children were playing there. They were running here and there, and gathering the cowslips that were blooming among the grass.

It made the king glad to see the happy children, and hear their merry voices. He stood still for some time, and watched them as they played.

Then he called them around him, and all sat down together in the pleasant shade. The children did not know who the strange gentleman was, but they liked his kind face and gentle manners.

"Now, my little folks," said the king, "I want to ask you some questions, and the child who gives the best answer shall have a prize."

Then he held up an orange so that all the children could see.

"You know that we all live in the kingdom of Prussia," he said, "but tell me, to what kingdom does this orange belong?"

The children were puzzled. They looked at one another, and sat very still for a little while. Then a brave, bright boy spoke up and said:

"It belongs to the vegetable kingdom, sir."

"Why so, my lad?" asked the king.

"It is the fruit of a plant, and all plants belong to that kingdom," said the boy.

The king was pleased. "You are quite right," he said, "and you shall have the orange for your prize."

He tossed it gaily to the boy. "Catch it if you can," he said. Then he took a yellow gold piece from his pocket, and held it up so that it glittered in the sunlight.

"Now, to what kingdom, does this belong," he asked.

Another bright boy answered, quickly: "To the mineral kingdom, sir. All minerals belong to that kingdom."

"That is a good answer," said the king. "The gold piece is your prize."

The children were delighted. With eager faces they waited to hear what the stranger would say next.

"I will ask you only one more question," said the king, "and it is an easy one." Then he stood up and said: "Tell me, my little folks, to what kingdom do I belong?"

The bright boys were puzzled now. Some thought of saying, "To the kingdom of Prussia." Some wanted to say, "To the animal kingdom."

But they were a little afraid, and all kept still.

At last a tiny, blue-eyed child looked up into the king's smiling face, and said in her simple way:

"I think, to the kingdom of heaven."

King Frederick William stooped down and lifted the little maiden in his arms. Tears were in his eyes as he kissed her and said, "So be it, my child! So be it!"—*Selected.*

A Woods Family.

Perhaps you think that little baby and child bears living with their mothers and fathers in the woods do not have to obey,—are left free to do as they choose. In *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner recently told a story, which is a true one, of a bear and her children who lived in Yellowstone Park. There is at one place in the park, a house or hut where travelers can get food. Last year a she bear came to the house and clearly indicated that she wished broken food; that her spirit was most friendly; that she would violate no privileges extended to her. The man who kept this lunch-station understood the bear perfectly, and, after feeding her, allowed her to carry off the food she did not eat. He knew she had a family, but he respected her prejudices for privacy, and did not attempt to find out where she lived, or how large a family he was at least partially supporting. One day the mother bear went out of the house as usual with food for her family, and when she had got a little way from the house she found her children waiting for her. She was very angry. She put the food down, rushed at her two children, punished them severely, and drove them back into the woods. At a certain place, evidently the place she told them to wait for her, she left them, and went back to the house, where she stayed two hours. The disobedient children must have grown very hungry. Doubtless mothers bringing up children in the woods have a great deal of anxiety. They have to hide their babies from hunters, and from other animals who would hurt, if they did not kill them; and then it must be a most difficult thing to find babies who get lost in the woods; there are no policemen there, no people to guide them back home when they get lost. Poor mothers of the woods, how much they have to do, and how good the wood babies should be!—*The Outlook.*

He who has no vision of Eternity will never get a true hold of Time.—*Carlyle.*

Study Table.

Modern Poet Prophets.

Mr. William Norman Guthrie has written under the caption of "Poet Prophets," a profound and interesting volume of critical and interpretive essays respecting the spiritual messages of a group of modern prophets. The titles of the chapters, after the introductory essay on Ideal Womanhood, are: I. Leopardi and Evolutional Pessimism; II. "Obermann" of Senancour and Matthew Arnold, or Morals Divorced from Theology; III. Agnostic Poets of Our Day, Clough, Rossetti, Swinburne, Arnold; IV. The Prometheus Unbound of Shelley, a Drama of Human Destiny; V. The Permanence of Art, or Art and Ontology; VI. Realistic Art on the Stage, Gerhardt Hauptmann; VII. The Message of Walt Whitman, the Camden Sage.

These essays, which will be found to be more than ordinarily suggestive and instructive, were written with the conviction that the true poets in their best work not only diagnose the diseases of humanity but also suggest remedies; that they are the legitimate successors of the Hebrew Prophets; that the fact of their being adorers of Lady Beauty does not unfit them for service in the battles of her worthy brothers,—Truth and Good. The essays are so arranged as to make the reader work his way from a perverse, if lofty, pessimism, to a genial, sane, and, if anything, loftier optimism. From Leopardi, through Arnold and agnosticism to Shelley; and from Shelley's idealistic optimism, through a consideration of the demand of art for its perpetuity, to the wholesome monistic optimism of Whitman.

None of the essays is what one would term easy reading. The writer as a rule makes his poet speak through characteristic selections, and always endeavors to put himself, while treating of his views, in as complete sympathy as possible with him. He does not commit himself to total agreement with any of his poets. He attempts merely to expound. Always he loves to point out some subtle resemblance between the New Testament teachings and the doctrines of Modern Poet Prophets. He defines his own function as that of "a mere roadside sign-post, to urge on weary or perplexed wayfarers to conquer the distance between themselves and what is beautiful, nobly true, and purely good." The book may serve to introduce some readers to the spiritual value of poetry, and so suggest the kinship of all true religion and true poetry; while it does not disparage the pleasure one can get from the works of the poet as works of *mere* imagination, it points to the fact that a keener delight is reserved for him who apprehends in the imagination of man a broken, echoed, faint, yet veritable voice of God.*

The critical reader will discover in the essay on Shelley a reconstruction of the Shelleyan problem, and a statement of the poet's ideals and intentions truer in many respects than that given by Professor Dowden or Professor Vida Scudder. The treatment of Whitman is also new and affords probably the best exposition that has yet been made of Whitman's religious message. The book is well written, full of pungent sayings, and contains the results of much thoughtful meditation on artistic, philosophic and religious themes. O. L. T.

The Indian in a New Light.

Recent developments of religious thought, of which the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago may be taken as a starting-point, point to the probability that the religion of the future will be really a synthesis of the religions of the world. We are learning that a universal religion must be a religion of the universe; not any single arbitrary system or artificial organization into which all the people of the world may be gathered. To this synthetical religion it now seems more than possible that the despised North American Indian is likely to make no unimportant contribution. Five or six years ago a learned member of the Royal Society of England boldly declared his conviction that the Sioux and Iroquois nations are descendants of a mighty race, the remnant of a prehistoric civilization. This conclusion was based on what is known as the philological argument,—the language of these tribes, on analysis, affording evidence that it was the outgrowth of a very advanced development in human thought. Entirely apart from this argument, no one who has come in contact with the Ute and Navajo tribes, dwelling in the elevated table-lands and plateaus of Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, can fail to be impressed with the noble dignity displayed by them in face, figure, and movement. The old Persian adage, according to which virtue consisted in the ability to "read and shoot and speak the truth," covered a world of meaning. A race exhibiting the qualities of absolute veracity in speech and unfailing readiness and accuracy in action at every point cannot be considered a "primitive" race, in our common use of the term. Large hint of the comparatively unexplored world of the Indian's spiritual inheritance is now given in a remarkable collection of stories under the title of "Lo-To-Kah," by Verner Z. Reed. Lo-To-Kah is the name of an old Ute chief, who is at once the hero and narrator of the stories. The book is handsomely illustrated by Charles Craig and L. Maynard Dixson, two Western artists who have most happily caught the spirit of the stories, and whose pictures therefore lend dramatic vividness to the author's portrayal of Indian life. There is unmistakable realism in the "Stories of Good Fighting"; there is weird fascination in the mystic enchantments of the witch; there is moving pathos in the old Indian's story of a great love. But over and beyond all these things, which make the stories unusually interesting simply as stories, one feels that the chief charm of the book lies in the illumination it sheds upon the religion of this strange people. Karma, reincarnation, the astral world, and the power of perpetual youth, as a development of spiritual self-consciousness, are all found here closely woven into the very fiber of the people's life and character. The author of the stories has lived much among the Indians and knows their country well. He exhibits on every page a genuine sympathetic interest in his subject, which has allowed him to come very close to the hearts of these children of the mountains. His style is characterized by the utmost clearness and simplicity, while his discriptions and characterization are distinguished by a photographic vividness which makes his people and their doings very life-like. The book is handsomely printed and artistically bound. (Continental Publishing Company, New York and London. Price, $1.) P. T.

Memories of Hawthorne.*

If this review of the "Memories of Hawthorne" is delayed, it is because the critic has not found it possible to hurry through its pages, critic fashion; for it is a book to linger over, to read again, to slowly assimilate line by line, for every line is precious. Nothing more charming in the way of memories has been published in a long while. For the most part it is made up of the letters of Sophia Hawthorne, and while they are full of sympathetic and adoring accounts of her husband, they are still more interesting as reflections of her own lovely spirit. They begin with the crude girl who writes in pedantic exaltation of her recreation hours with Xenophon and Herodotus, and go on to the mature and brilliant woman of whom one cannot say more than that she and no other was the wife for Hawthorne. Her letters breathe refinement, intelligence, and love. They are full of interesting glimpses of Hawthorne's moods and the conditions which surrounded him at different times in his career, as well as of motherly notes on Julian with his constant fancies of angels, the baby Rose, and "a consecrated little Una." Whether one uses it as a text-book on the greatest literary American, or simply dreams over it, he will find "Memories of Hawthorne" rare and beautiful.

G. V.

*Modern Poet Prophets. Essays, Critical and Interpretative. By William Norman Guthrie. 8vo, cloth, $2.00. The Robert Clarke Company, publishers, Cincinnati, O.

*Memories of Hawthorne. By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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It seems to you that that tickling, hacking cough is all in the throat. But your doctor will tell you that this sensation is often deceiving. The cough is often the signal of deeper trouble in the bronchial tubes or in the lung tissue itself. These inflamed membranes can only be healed by treating the system. For all lung troubles, especially in the earlier stages, no remedy equals Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. Its special power is in healing the inflamed tissues of the lungs.

The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

CHICAGO.—The Independent Liberal Church, Celia P. Woolley, minister, is bringing the year's work to a close in an encouraged and hopeful mood. The society is young and small, but has added a dozen new names to its membership-list within the year, and now numbers sixty families. The Sunday school has increased in attendance, and has a corps of faithful and efficient teachers to carry on its work. The study-class has been divided into two sections—social science and Tennyson. The last meeting of the Tennyson section was held April 27th, at which time Rev. W. W. Fenn delivered an excellent address on "The Allegory of Life as Illustrated by the Idylls of the King." The finances of the society are in good shape, and the treasurer will close the year's account with a balanced sheet. A very successful concert was recently given for the benefit of the church, in which a number of high-class artists took part, assisted by Mrs. Laura Dainty, elocutionist. The entertainment was in charge of Mrs. Charles A. Adams, and netted nearly $100. The following is the list of the pulpit topics for the remainder of the year:

May 2. The Social Ideal. Review of the work of the social science class.

May 9. Our Debt to the Past.

May 16. Cause and Consequence: The Wise and Foolish Virgins.

May 23. The Vicarious Principle in Religion and in Life.

May 30. Decoration-day exercises. Symposium on "Our Fallen Heroes." The Victors, Mr. Andrew Crawford. The Vanquished, Dr. Julia Holmes Smith.

June 6. Topic to be announced.

June 13. Flower Sunday.

The following are the topics of Mr. Salter's Sunday lectures for the month of May. The lectures begin at 11:15 A.M., at Steinway Hall, 17 Van Buren Street:

2nd. "Huxley Once More; or, Is Nature Indifferent to Morality?"

9th. "Personal Purity in Men and Women."

16th. "Social Pessimism and Social Hope," with A Word of Welcome to New Members. (Closing lecture; lectures to be resumed October 17th.)

ETHICAL SCHOOLS, Sundays, 9:30 A.M.
West Side, 166 South Wood Street.
South Side, 3118 Forrest Avenue.
North Side, 621 Wells Street.

FORTNIGHTLY CLUBS, Sundays, 8 P.M.
2nd and 16th. South Side, Miss Emma Schoenmann, Secretary, 6028 Kimbark Avenue.
9th and 23rd. North Side, Miss Leah White, Secretary, 34 Lincoln Place.

ECONOMIC SECTION, Sundays, 8 P.M., Mr. Moses Ingalls, Secretary, 919 Jackson Boulevard.

* * * Chicago has seen another Browning production. Wednesday evening, April 28th, at their recital, Miss Anna Morgan's pupils gave "In a Balcony." The recital emphasized anew the difficulty of staging Browning. Constance and Norbert *made* love; they acted the parts, suggesting the art of Andrea del Sarto, faultless in technique, but lacking in soul. They showed the results of patient, conscientious work. The part of the queen, most difficult and most subtle of the three, was taken with spirit and real feeling; it proved that Browning's difficult characters, after all, can be filled. The audience is another important factor in a Browning rendering. Is it possible to interest the audience in a play so psychological, with so little plot? Beyond question Wednesday night's audience was interested and appreciative, but then it was a picked audience, invited because of special interest in either the actors or the author. It does not prove that the average theater-goer would listen so attentively. Surely Miss Morgan must consider the recital a success, even if she has not convinced the world that Browning is a playwright.

THE SOUTHERN LETTER.—This is the title of the monthly bulletin issued in the interest of Booker T. Washington's work at Tuskegee. We rejoice in the evidence of growing prosperity which at least makes this sheet a very presentable piece of printing. It appears on good paper. To its credit let it be said, that it was not ashamed to appear in a much humbler dress when circumstances necessitated. In the April number, on the title page, we see a class in nurse's training at work, and learn that eighty acres of oats, one hundred acres of peas, two hundred and twenty-five acres of corn, are already under way to the harvest. Seventy-five bushels of sweet potatoes have been bedded; fifty acres are to be planted in potatoes, from which a crop of six thousand bushels is expected; twenty acres in sugar cane, and fifty acres in sorghum cane are also among the expectations. Two hundred barrels of sweetness is the estimated outcome. Altogether the little letter makes one feel that he lives in a growing world, and that it is worth while to be in it and to be at it. We wish all our readers would enclose the stamps necessary and ask for a copy of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Ala.

UNITARIAN FELLOWSHIP.—The Rev. Charles T. Sempers, having satisfied the committee on fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. D. M. WILSON, Chairman; D. W. MOREHOUSE, Secretary.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials. FREE.

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THE ILLINOIS HUMANE SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting, held last week at its office, 560 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, the president reported that the society had saved twenty thousand dollars to the county this last year in providing for homeless children. It discussed the effort in Illinois to put down the live fox hunt; the legislation on behalf of children; and one thousand, six hundred and thirty-seven dollars worth of fines imposed upon those who visited cruelty upon animals. A good work done in an effective way!

CIVIL SERVICE.—Unless there are reasons beyond the ken of the public, all good citizens will regret the retirement of Prof. John P. Barrett from the position of city electrician. Mr. Barrett has been in the electrical service of the city for thirty-one years, beginning as a messenger boy, rising to be an authority upon the subject, displaying his high fitness and technical skill as chief of the electrical department of the Columbian Exposition. It is a sad day when the city is deprived of such accumulative knowledge and skill as is represented by Professor Barrett, and we regret that his resignation was asked for by the mayor, who thus far has shown such an encouraging disposition to give to the city a strong administration on high levels.

For Seasickness.

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. J. FOURNESS-BRICE, of S. S. *Teutonic*, says: "I have prescribed it in my practice among the passenger travelling to and from Europe, in this steamer, and the result has satisfied me that if taken in time, it will, in a great many cases, prevent seasickness."

Books Received.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.— Professor Lucy Maynard Salmon of Vassar College. The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

MODERN METHODS IN CHURCH WORK.— Rev. George Whitfield Mead. Dodd, Mead & Co.

A YOUNG SCHOLAR'S LETTERS.—D. O. Kellogg. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

THE REVOLUTIONARY TENDENCIES OF THE AGE.—G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

THE UNITY AND SYMMETRY OF THE BIBLE.—J. Menro Gibson, M.A., D.D. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE FOUR PILLARS OF THE HOME.—R. F. Horton, M.A., D.D. Dodd, Mead & Co.

MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE.—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.00.

BOOK AND HEART: ESSAYS ON LITERATURE AND LIFE.—T. W. Higginson. Harper & Brothers.

THE SPIRIT OF AN ILLINOIS TOWN AND THE LITTLE RENAULT.—Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

FORETOKENS OF IMMORTALITY.—Newell Dwight Hillis. Fleming H. Revell Company.

THE GOD-IDEA OF THE ANCIENTS.—Eliza Burt Gamble. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.25.

THE OPEN MYSTERY.—A reading of the Mosaic Story. By A. D. T. Whitney. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. $1.25.

PIONEERS OF EVOLUTION FROM THALES TO HUXLEY. By Edward Clodd. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

The Royal Road.

Good Food is the Only Way.

It's a man's bad habits that hurt him, more than overwork. The little habits of coffee and tobacco hurt worse than some of the big ones, because they are continued more steadily than the greater habits. Many a man is simply poisoned to death by the alkaloids of coffee and tobacco, and never will believe what is hurting him. Let him quit tobacco, and use Postum Cereal Food Coffee in place of coffee, and very soon he finds that nature, the great restorer, is at work. No medicine is needed; simply quit doing those things which poison and waste the energy, and let nature build into body and brain from good food. Postum is made entirely of grains, by the Postum Cereal Co., Lim., of Battle Creek, Mich., and is nourishing and fattening. Use plain, common food, and the food-drink (it looks like coffee, but is not). Health will come, and be of much more solid character than when patched up with drugs.

Dr. H. P. Merriman, 2239 Michigan Ave., Chicago, says: "I have tried the Postum, and am pleased with it."

"Just as good" as Postum Cereal are words used to defraud the public.

It is a crime to serve Postum with skim-milk. Use cream, and make it black and rich as Mocha.

Big Cut in the Price of Ice.

Rates Reduced Twenty-five per Cent, and a Deeper Slash May Be Made.

Housewives are pleased at the announcement that prices of ice for the coming season will be reduced from 40 to 30 cents per 100 pounds.

The cause of the sudden cut in rates on the part of the trust was the entrance into the South Side field of the Manhattan Ice Company, a new concern, backed by Cleveland capitalists. Most of the efforts of the old companies have been directed against the new concern, and informal notice was served on it that it would never be allowed to operate at a profit in its present territory.—*Times-Herald.*

The Dying Flower.

[From the German.]

Hope, thou wilt meet me yet;
For the springtime will awake,
Hope in every tree beget.
Though the autumn blasts o'ertake
Hope, with gentle silent might,
Buds from sleep of winter brings,
Stirs the sap to seek the light,
Life anew from nature springs.

I am not a mighty tree,
Which a thousand summers lives,
Dreaming in the winter's glee
What in song the springtime gives;
I am nothing but a flower,
Wakened by the kiss of May,
To bide a single hour
Ere to winter's grave away.

If thou then a blossom art,
Do not think that change is doom;
Comfort and console thy heart;
Blessed be the flowers that bloom.
Let the direful storm of death
All thy dust o'er earth bestrew;
From thy dust earth's kindly breath
Hundred times shall life renew.

Others after me shall bloom,
Which are verily like me;
Never need thee think of gloom,
Though destruction dream of thee.
Thou indeed art what I was,
I am now, and never more;
I am nothing now, because
Thou art what I was before.

Though the sunlight me espies,
Warms with penetrating flame,
Smooths it not my fate which lies
Darkly doomed to-night the same.
Cautious sun, thou anglest well
In the distant dark-blue now,
Where in frigid scorn you dwell,
Through the clouds there laughest thou.

Woe that e'er I trusted thee,
Wakened by thy bright caress;
Gazing in thine eyes, I see
Stolen all my life would bless;
This poor life remaineth still,
Thy best sympathy to own;
Firmly close the door I will,
I am I, and thou art flown.

Though thou melt'st erewhile my grief,
Melt'st my crystal tear-drops rife,
Wouldst thou find for me relief
Thou dost take away my life.
In the sorrows of my name
Thou delightest more and more;
All in me that from thee came,
Dying now, I thank thee for.

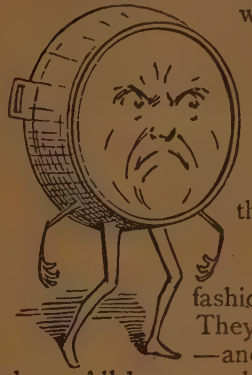
Every early morning breeze
Which the summer's pulses thrills;
Every butterfly that flees,
Dancing, swept o'er dale and hills.
Eyes my blooming hath made bright,
Hearts on which my fragrance laid,
Fragrance blending with the light,
Thank thee who my life hath made.

To adorn thy world I yield,—
In thine eyes I am no more,—
Left to blossom on the field
As the stars on heaven's floor;
Only one more breath I breathe,
And it shall not be a sigh;
One more glance with thy ray's wreath,
One to earth, and then I die.

Ever blazing heart of heaven,
Let me cease to gaze on thee;
Thee to span the arch is given,
Fade and wither is for me.
Hail, O spring, whose light doth leap,
Morning breezes, hail amain,
Without grief I fall asleep,
Without wish to rise again.

New Salem, Mass. PERRY MARSHALL.

That terrible



wash-tub! This is the way it looks to the women who do their washing in the old-fashioned way. They dread it—and no wonder. All because they won't use Pearline. Use Pearline—use it just as directed—soak, boil and rinse the clothes—and the wash-tub won't be a bug-bear. No hard work—no inhaling of fetid steam—no wearing rubbing—no torn clothes—nothing but economy. 510

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This is to call the attention of the public to the fact that the Wisconsin Central Lines have two fast trains daily between Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, and Duluth, touching all the important points in Central Wisconsin en route. The Company has thousands of acres of fine farming lands in Northern Wisconsin for sale. For complete information on this subject, address

JAS. C. POND, Gen'l Pass. Agent,
Milwaukee, Wis.

A lady teacher told one of the boys to name all the Presidents, and when he replied he could n't, the teacher said: "When I was as old as you I could name all the Presidents in their order." The boy replied: "There was only a few Presidents then."—*Middlesboro News.*

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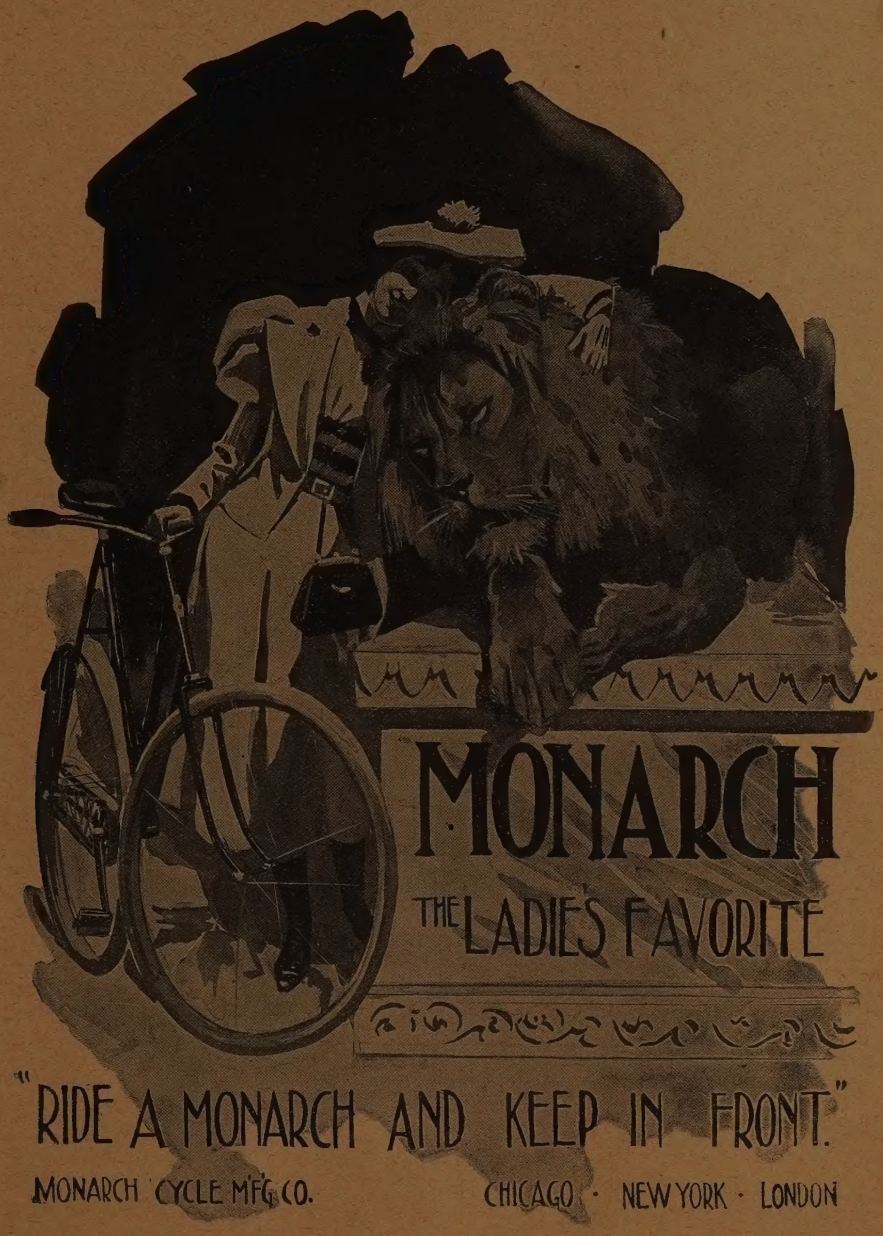
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Medicines in gas or vapor are readily introduced and produce in the lungs a direct healing action. If, therefore, the sick are to derive any permanent benefit from medicines in these diseases, Medicated Air Gas or Vapor must be employed, for in no other form can any medicine reach the diseased parts.

It is one of the established axioms of medical practice that inflamed and ulcerated parts require local treatment for their cure. There is not an educated physician in the world who would treat an inflammation or ulceration of the womb or stomach, or would not denounce it as malpractice, and insist on the direct treatment of the diseased parts as necessary to cure. It is just as gross quackery to treat inflammation or ulceration of the lungs through the stomach. There is nothing in the history of the disease or the experience of the profession to warrant any such expectation.

In all lung diseases the air tubes and cells are obstructed by mucus which prevents the free admission of the air; the blood is impure because the diminished volume of air breathed prevents its purification, and the body is wasting away for want of proper assimilation. None of the defects can be remedied by the stomach. No known medicine taken by the stomach has any power to expel the offending matter from the air-tubes; or to purify the blood by expelling the effete carbon which currupts it, or to increase assimilation of chyle in the lungs. Every hope of life therefore depends on direct treatment of the lungs by medicated air, which alone can remove these hindrances to recovery.

Medicines in a volatile state when diffused in the air and inhaled are carried through every air-passage tube and cell of the breathing organs and produce a direct curative action on the very seat of the disease. If this does not cure, nothing will; if the direct application of remedies fail, it is folly to suppose a roundabout and indirect application of the same remedies could possibly succeed.

Edwin W. Hunter, M.D.,

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NOTE.—All readers of this paper can obtain a copy of Dr. Hunter's book and his opinion of their cases free by addressing him as above.

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